



DINO

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COMICS
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AUTHORITY

ALL NEW
The **FLINTSTONES** STARRING

DINO

a Hanna-Barbera Production

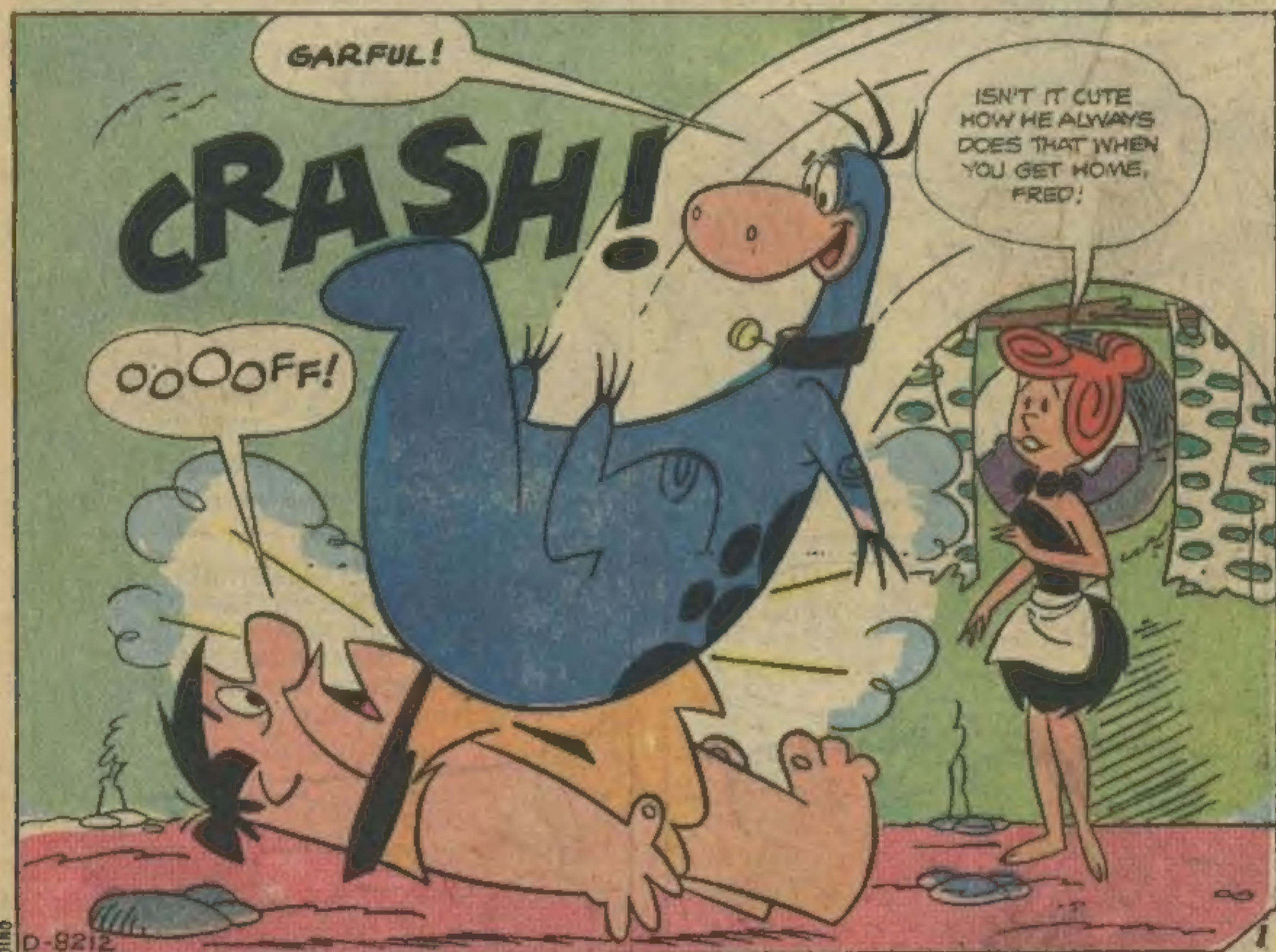


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TALK TO ME, DINO!



DINO

D-8212

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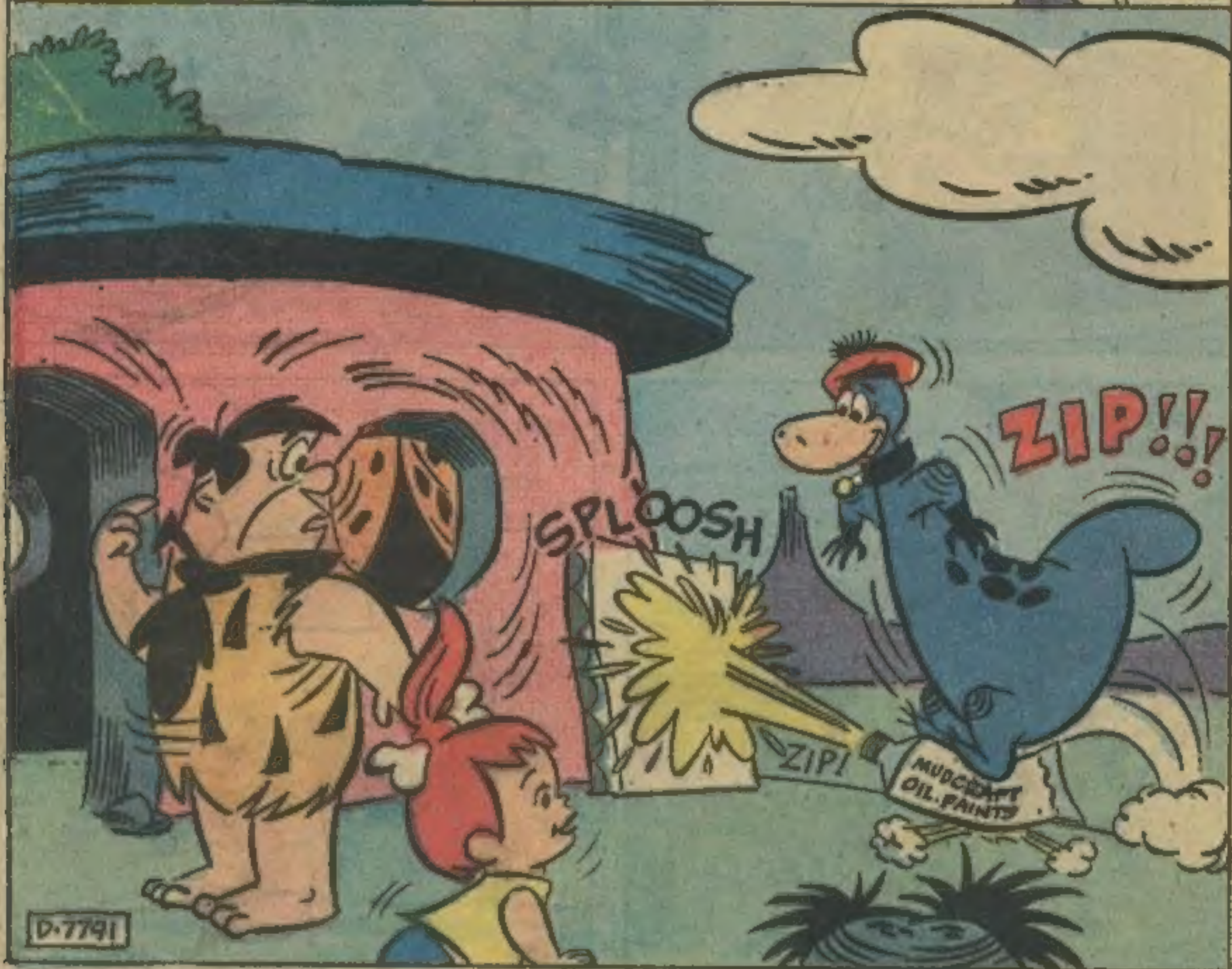


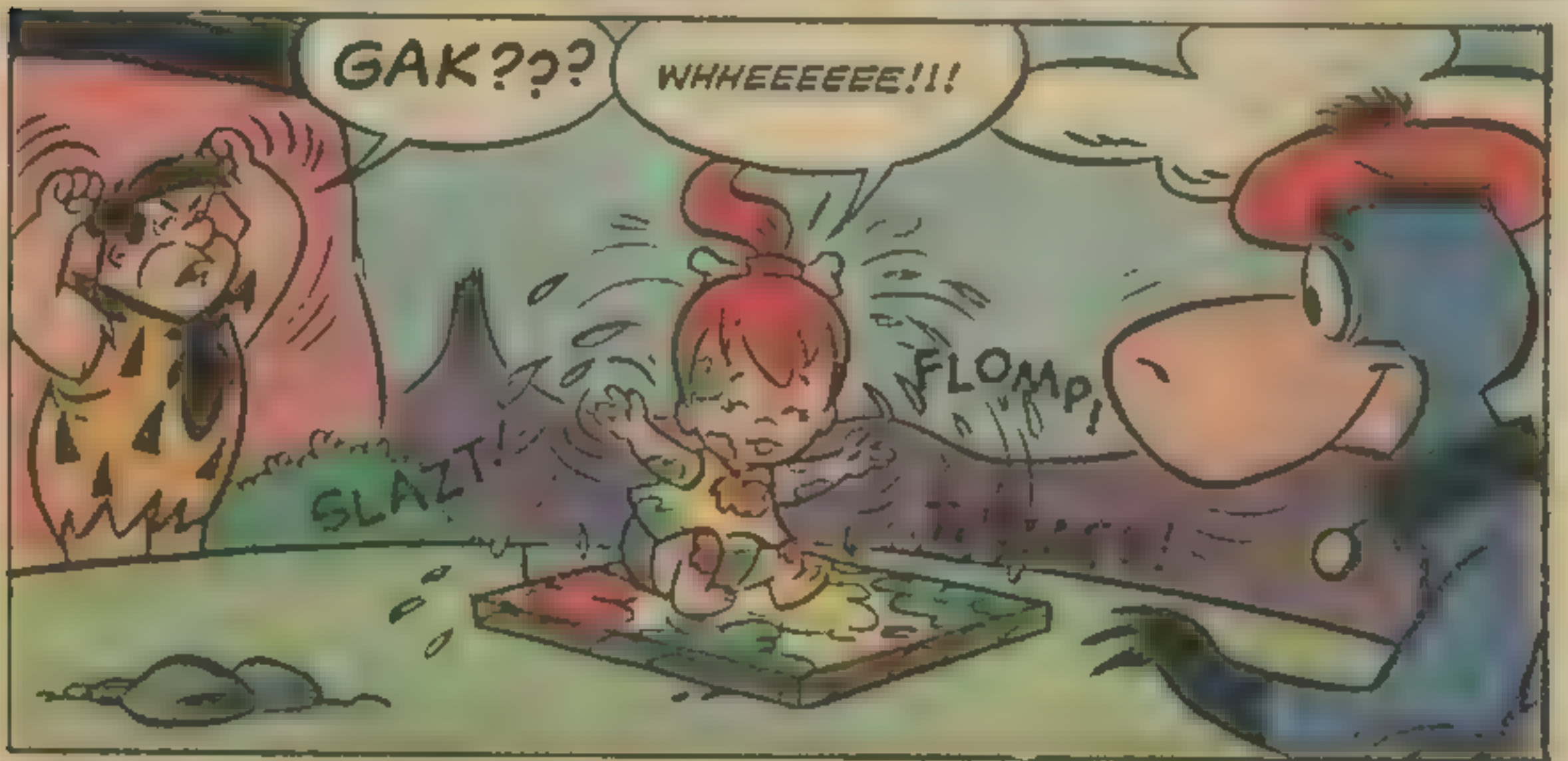
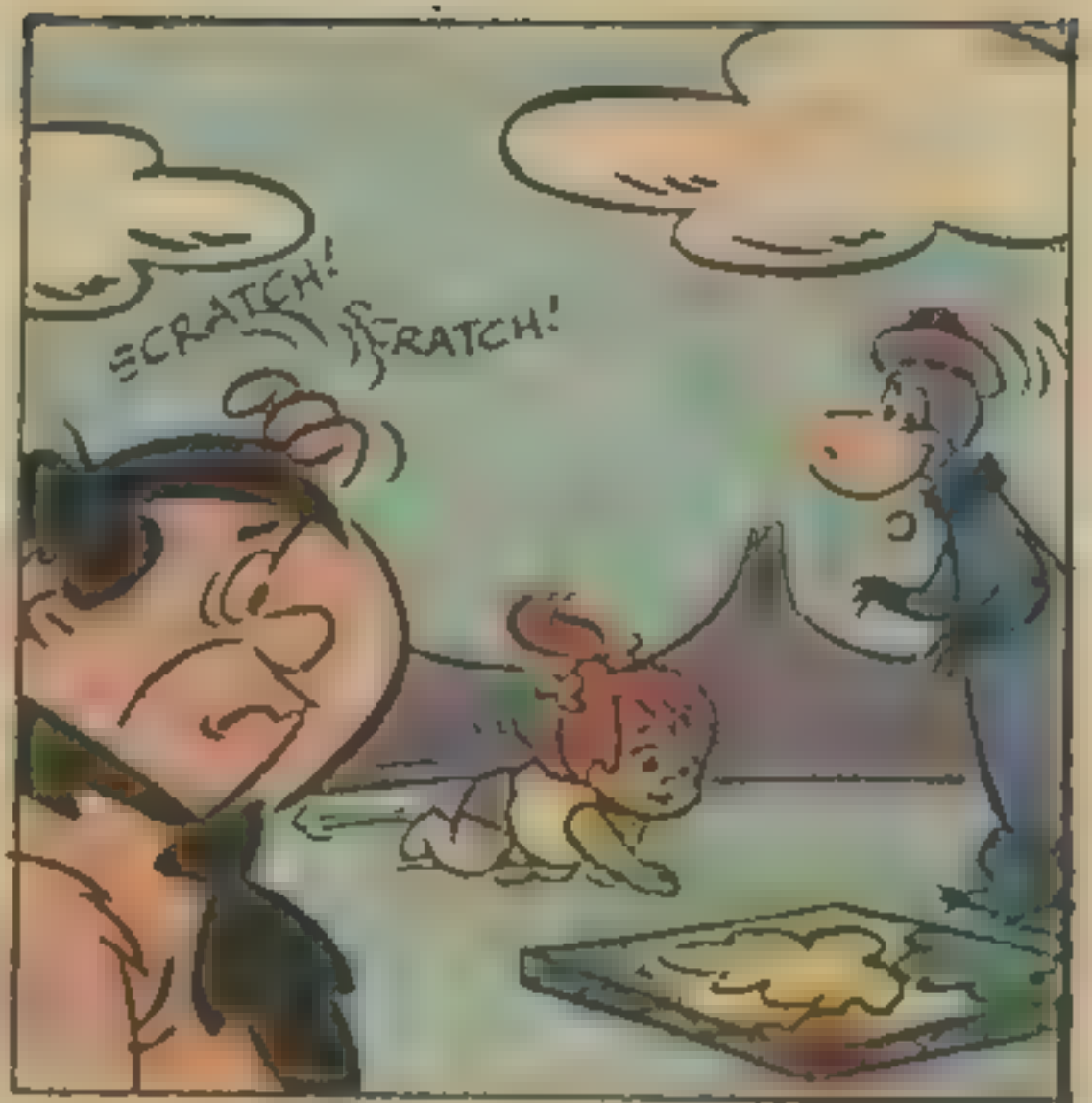




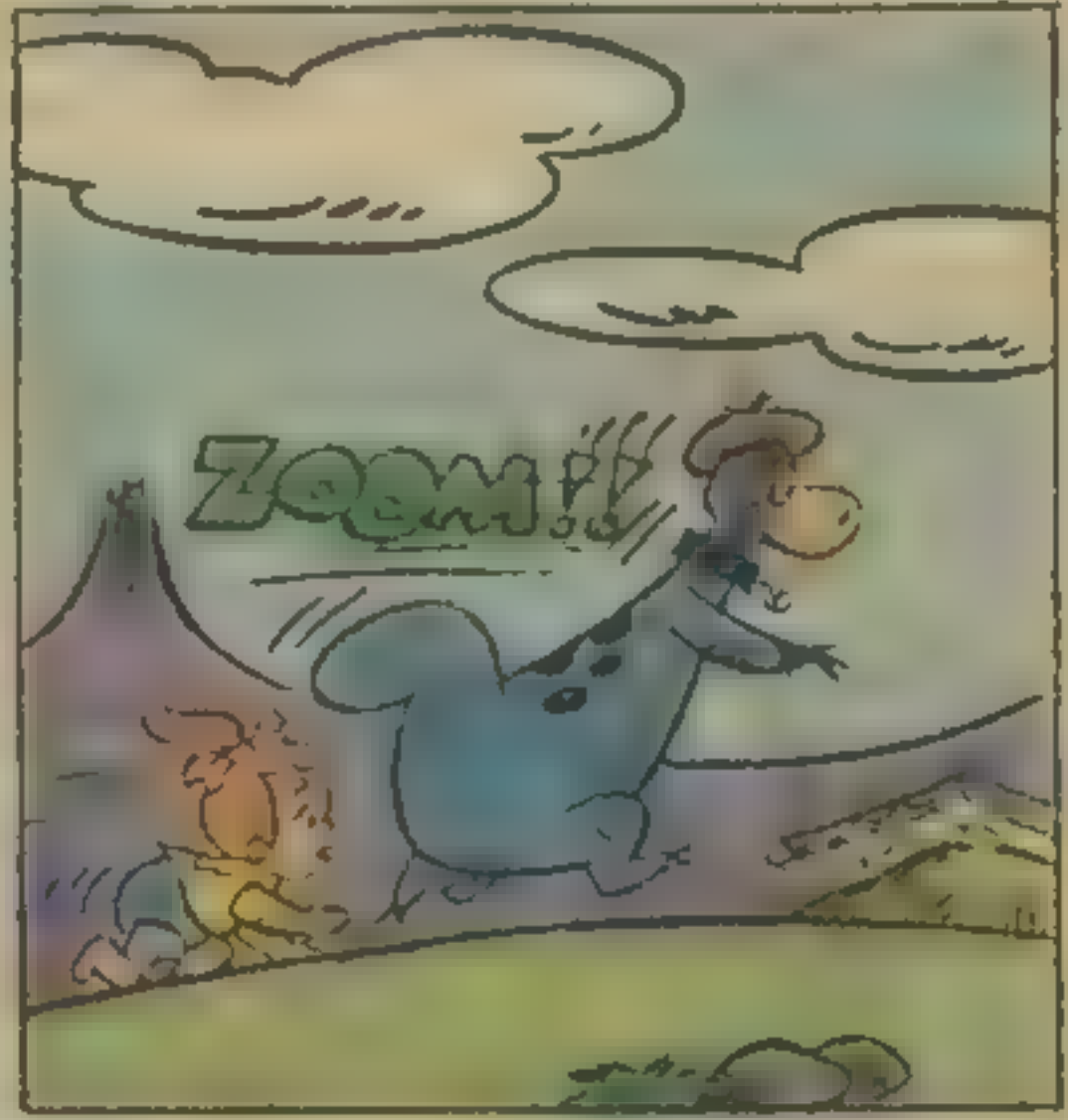
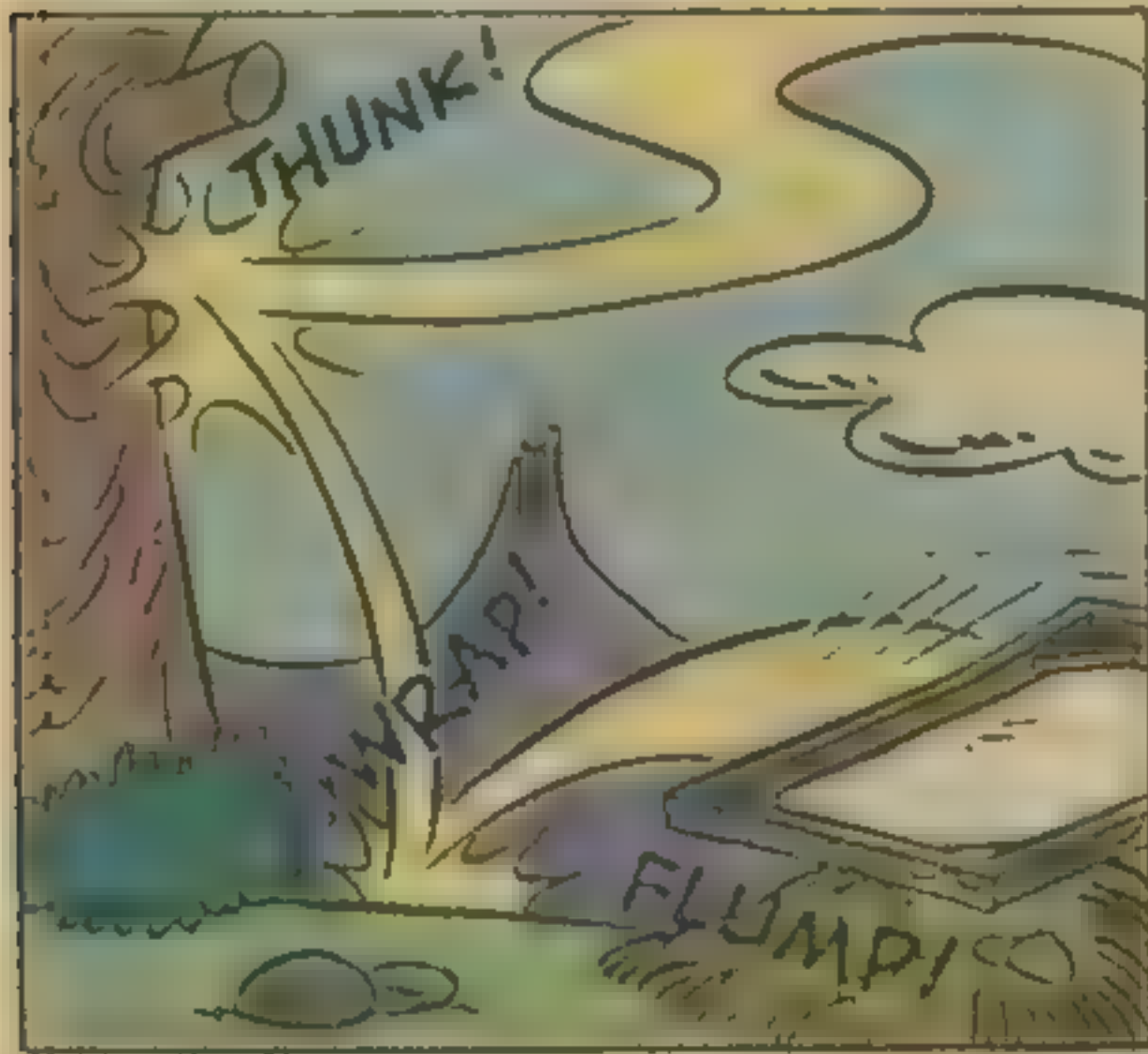
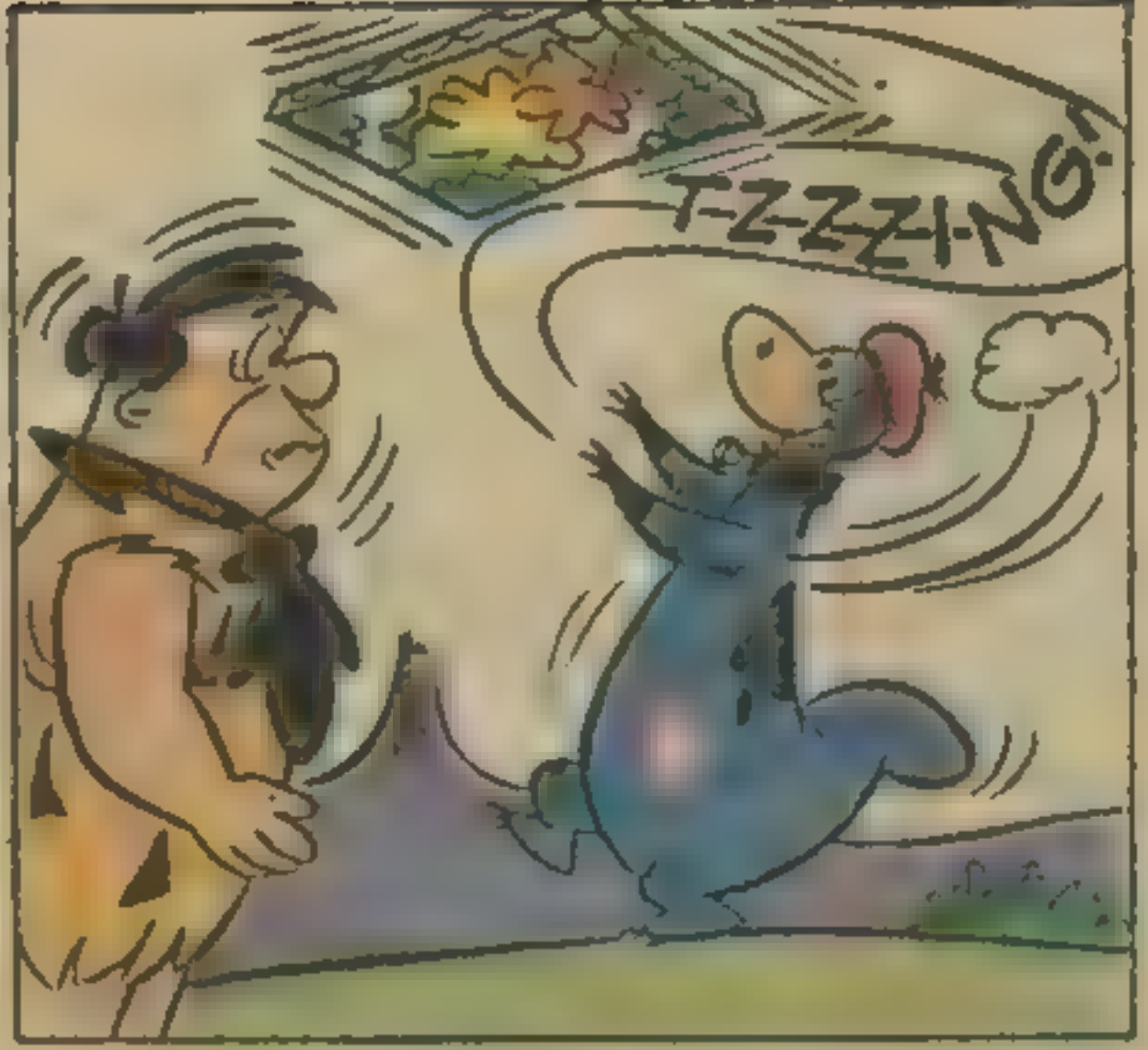


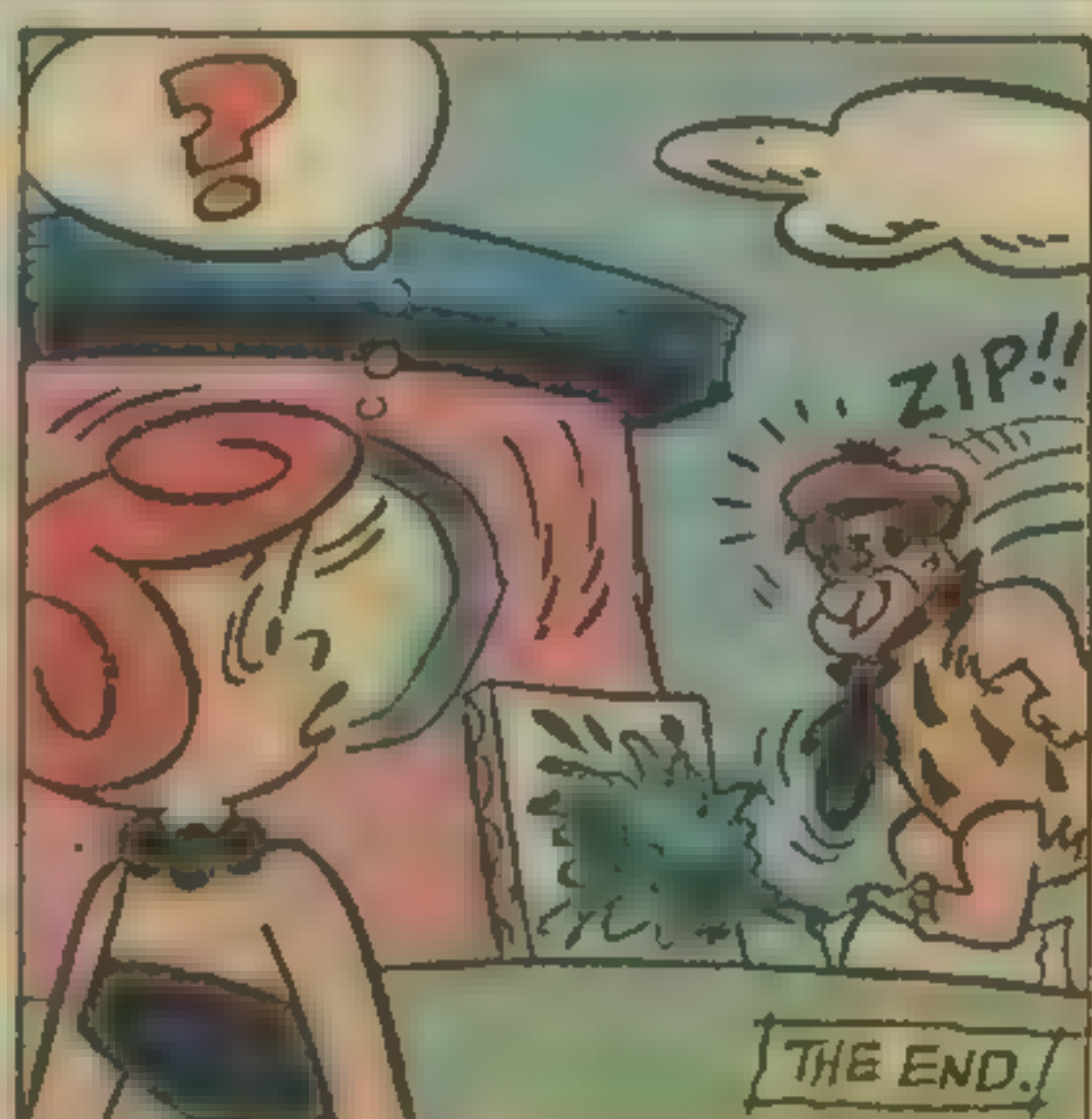
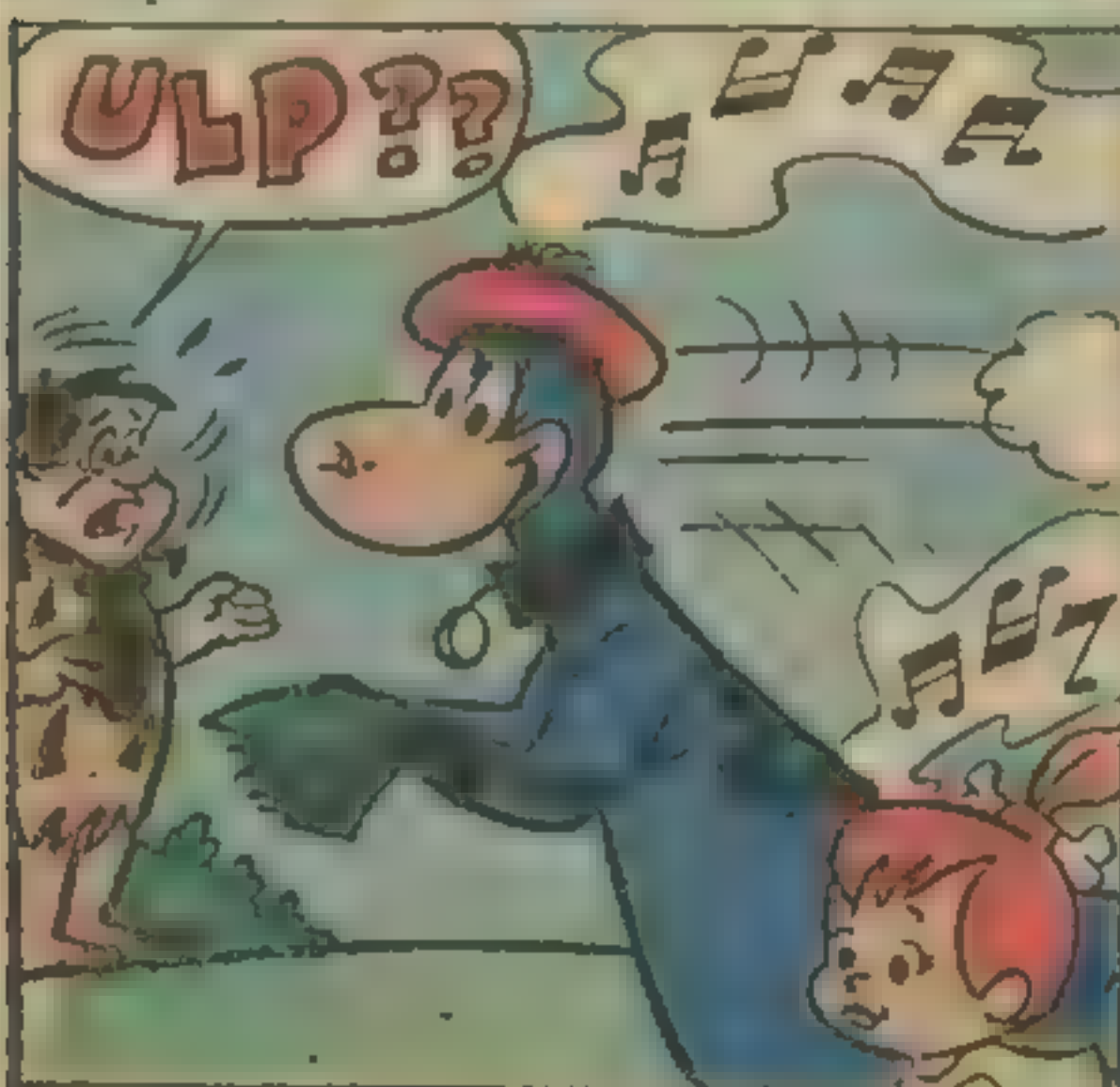
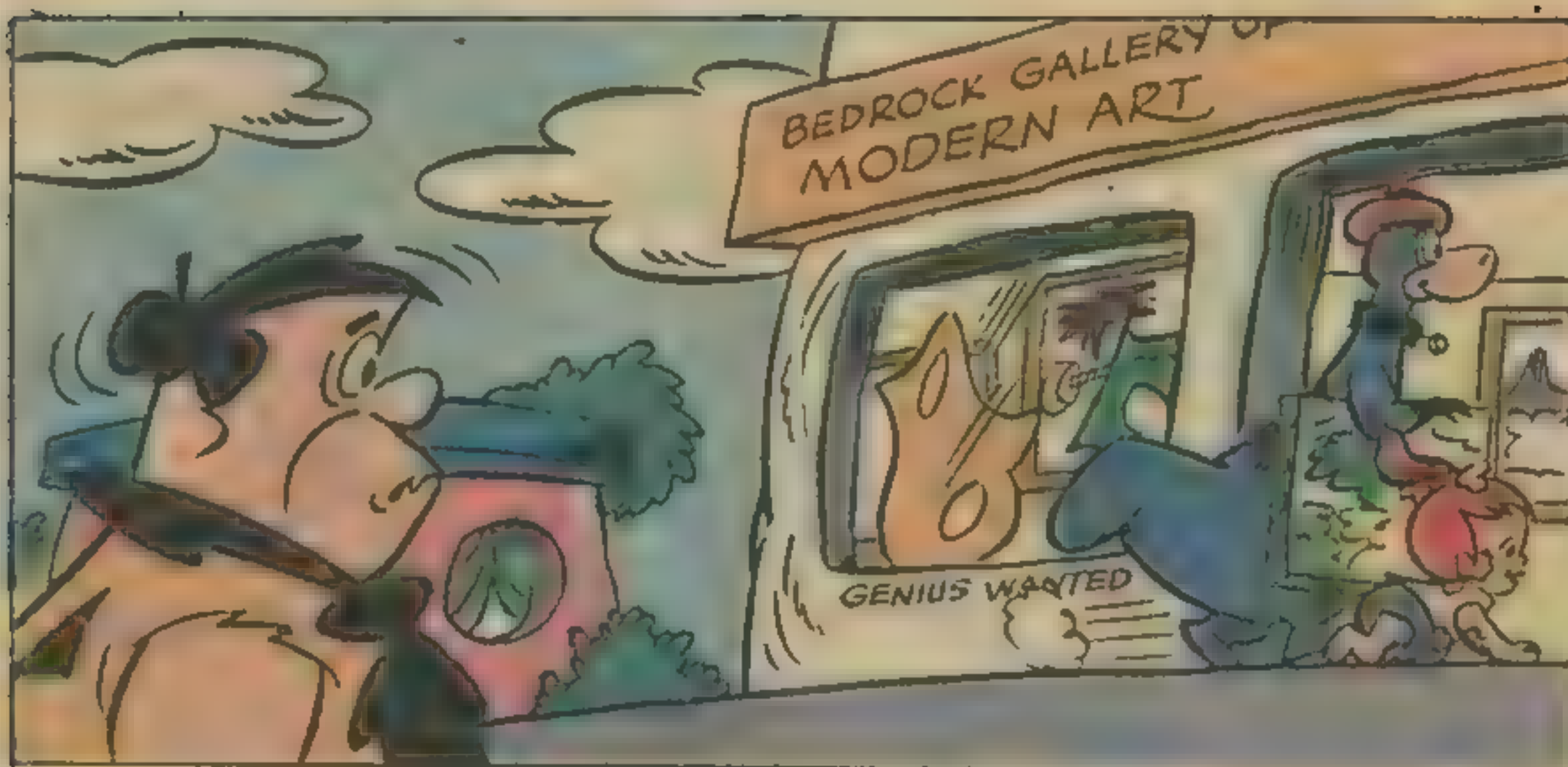
DINO SMART ART





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DINO

in

"SICK"

I'M GONNA KISS YOU JUST
LIKE FRED KISSES WILMA
WHEN THEY'RE ALONE!

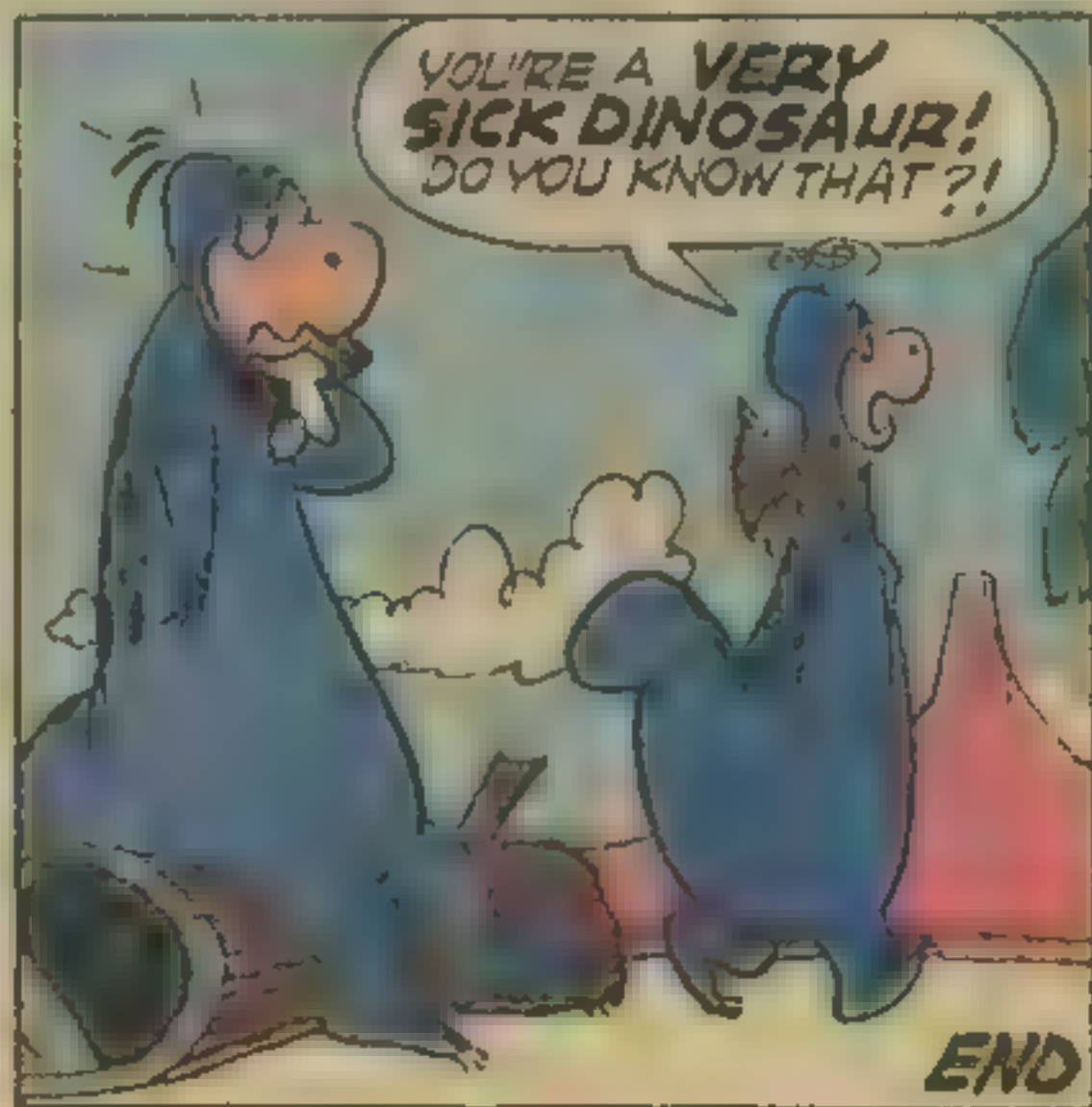
HOW DO **YOU** KNOW HOW
THEY KISS WHEN THEY'RE
ALONE?



©-BUD

I PEEKED THROUGH
THE KEYHOLE! HEE
HEE-HEE-HEE-HEE!

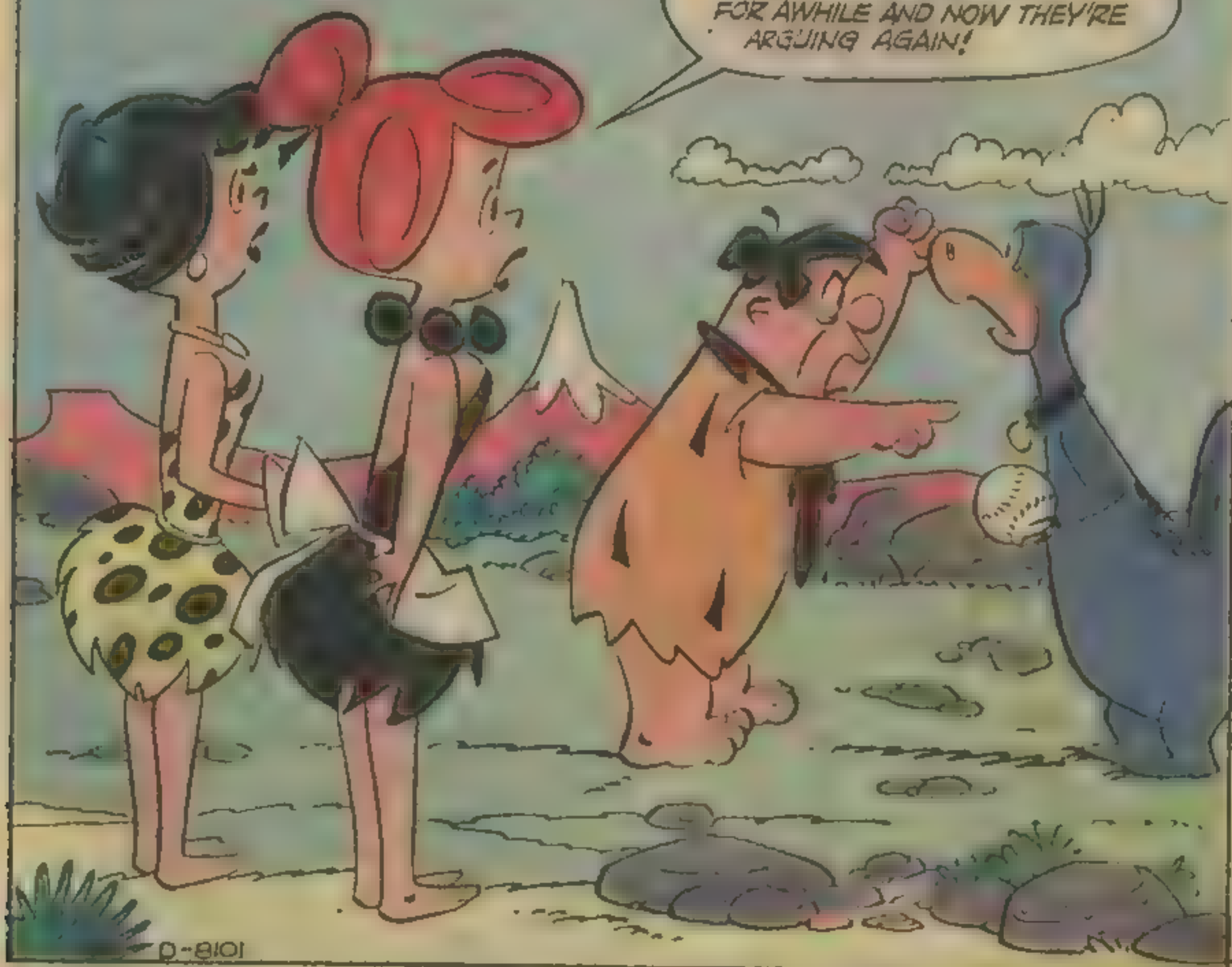
YOU'RE A **VERY
SICK DINOSAUR!**
DO YOU KNOW THAT?!



END

DINO in "CUT OFF AT THE GAP"

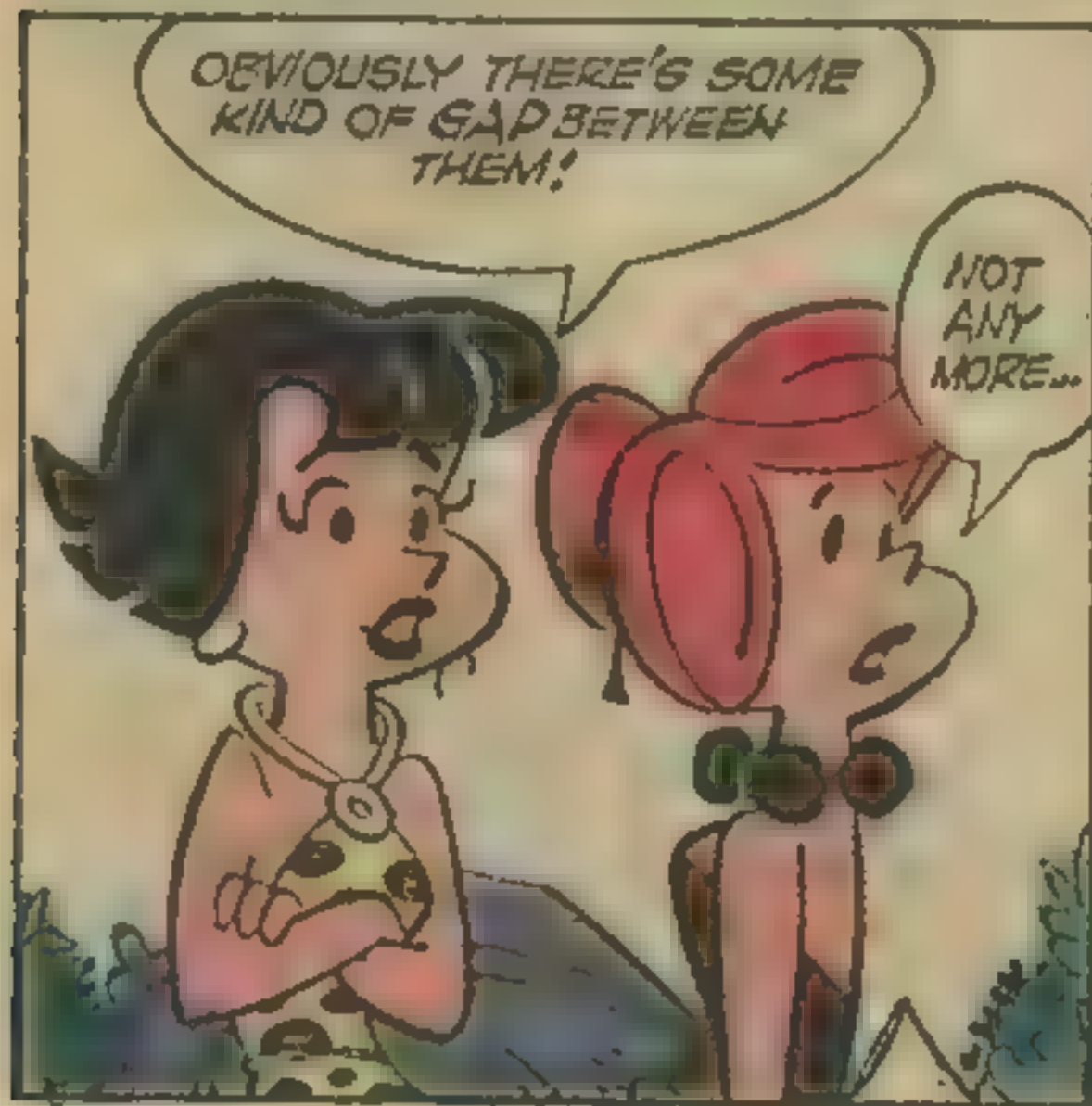
OH, DEAR... FRED AND DINO
WERE PLAYING BALL SO NICE
FOR AWHILE AND NOW THEY'RE
ARGUING AGAIN!



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OBVIOUSLY THERE'S SOME
KIND OF GAP BETWEEN
THEM!

NOT
ANY
MORE...



DINO JUST
CLOSED IT!



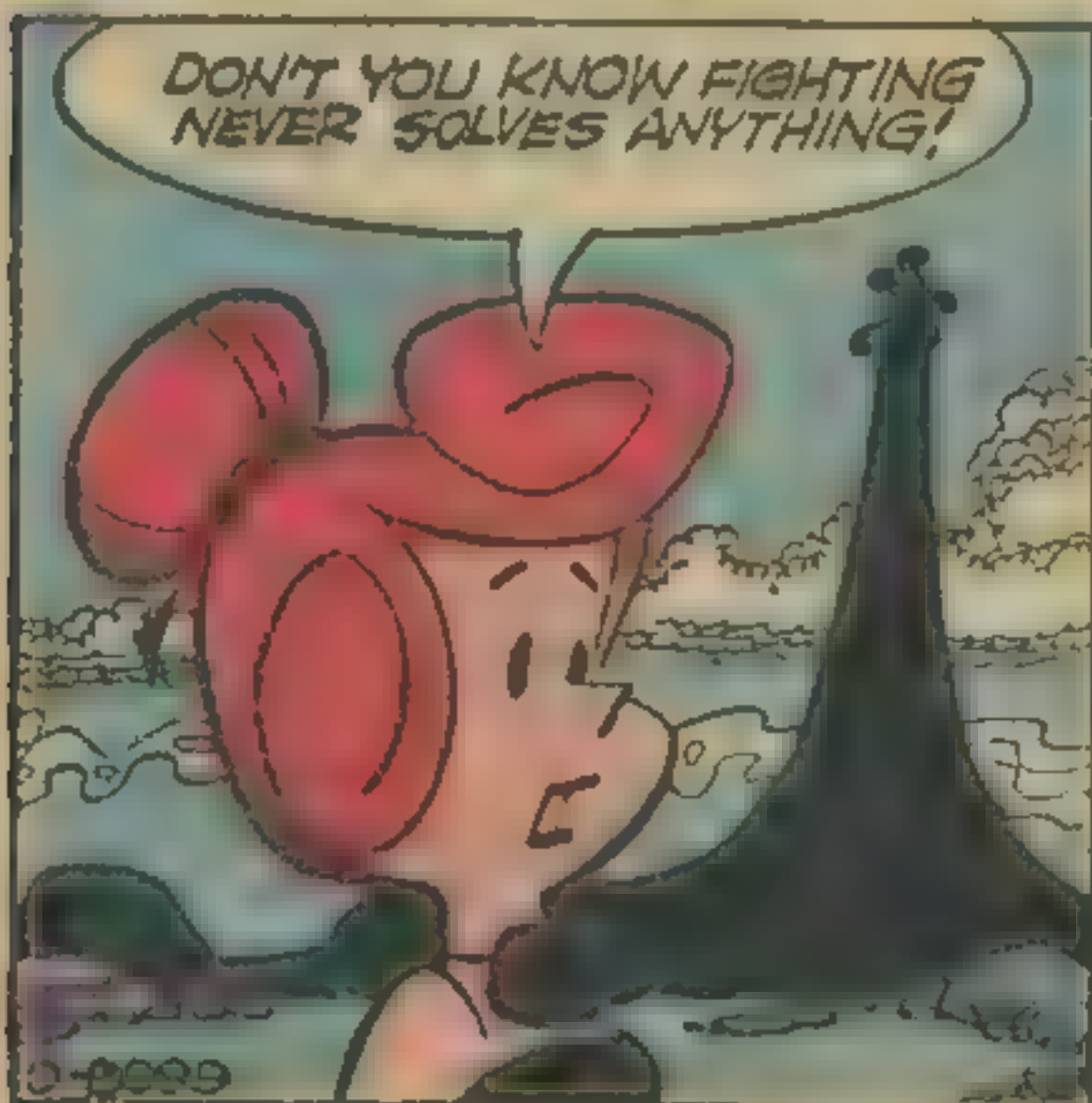
Datto

in **"THE SOLUTION"**

FRED! DINO! STOP
FIGHTING RIGHT NOW!



DON'T YOU KNOW FIGHTING
NEVER SOLVES ANYTHING!



NOT FOR FRED
IT DOESN'T!



THE BABY-SITTER

"Fred, take good care of the baby while I'm gone," Wilma instructed her hefty hubby. "Are you sure you'll be able to watch the baby all by yourself? I have a few things to get at the market and then I'll be right back! Are you sure you'll watch the baby?" Wilma wanted to know.

"Of course, I will," replied Fred sternly as he flopped down on the couch in front of the T.V. set. "I'm her father! I can take care of my own daughter. Don't worry! Pebbles will be fine. I'll keep a close eye on her," Fred assured his wife.

"Da Da Goo Goo," said Pebbles as she crawled over to her fat father. Fred picked her up and bounced her on his knee as he flicked on the T.V. set.

"Pebbles and I are going to watch the Rock Roller Derby match on T.V." Fred explained to Wilma. "Now, get going, Wilma!" Fred ordered.

"Okay! I'm on my way!" she said as she moved toward the front door. When she reached the doorway, she paused. Dino was lying on the floor near the door. Wilma looked down at the faithful dinosaur and patted him on his head.

"Be a good boy and watch Pebbles for me, Dino!" Wilma whispered to the Flintstone's pet. "Keep Pebbles safe, sound and out of trouble!"

Dino snarled. He growled. Then, he barked happily, excitedly and eagerly. He understood completely. While Wilma was away, Dino was unofficially in charge of watching Pebbles!

"Good boy, Dino!" said Wilma as she stroked his head. "Fred talks a better game than he plays. I want to make sure all bases are covered before I go!"

Dino nodded understandably. Wilma was just being kind. She knew fat Freddie was a snook, but with Dino on the job, Wilma didn't have to worry.

Wilma took one last look at Fred and Pebbles. Fred's eyes were glued to the T.V. screen. Soon, he would forget all about his baby-sitting assignment.

"I'll be back as fast as I can," Wilma told Dino as she rushed out of the house and slammed the door behind her. Off toward the market she flew like a rocket.

As soon as Wilma was gone, Pebbles climbed down off of Fred's lap and began to crawl around the house. Fred was too busy watching T.V. to notice where Pebbles went. Into the kitchen, Pebbles crawled as Fred stared hypnotically at the boob tube.

Dino didn't think Pebbles should be allowed to play in the kitchen all alone. Off he trotted in quick pursuit of the littlest Flintstone.

"Yip! Yip! Yip! Yap! Yap! Yap!" barked Dino in alarm when he saw what Pebbles was doing in the kitchen. Pebbles had climbed up a stool and was teeter-tottering on the edge of the chair. She was about to fall onto the floor.

Dino had to act fast — and he did! He dashed for Pebbles just as she fell face first toward the floor. Quickly, Dino dove beneath the falling baby. Luckily, he reached the spot in time to save her. Pebbles landed right on top of Dino and knocked the air out of his body. Dino the Dinosaur was breathless and sore, but he'd saved the baby from a bone breaking fall.

Before Dino could catch his breath, Pebbles was off again. This time, she got into the drawer where Wilma kept her carving knives.

Moving like a bolt of greased lightning, Dino slammed the drawer shut before she could take out a knife. Unfortunately for poor Dino, his paw got caught in the drawer when he closed it.

Pebbles didn't even give the unlucky dinosaur time enough to let out a yelp. From here to there, from there to everywhere, she crawled; and every place she went, she got into mischief.

By the time the day was done, Pebbles was fine, but Dino was black and blue, bruised and beat.

When Dino saw Pebbles crawl back into the living room, he was happy and relieved. Now, at long last, the worst was over.

Pebbles crawled up onto Fred's lap and fell fast asleep. Getting into mischief had tired her out.

Just as Pebbles' eyelids closed, Wilma came running into the house. She'd finished the shopping sooner than she'd expected to.

Quickly, she looked around the room. She sighed in relief when she saw Pebbles snuggled up on Fred's lap.

"I guess everything went okay from the looks of things," Wilma stated.

"Of course it did," Fred replied. "I told you I was a great baby-sitter! I didn't even have to get up from my chair!" he bragged.

Wilma just shook her head and winked at Dino as the faithful dinosaur came limping out of the kitchen.

WOW



DINO and THE BLONDE



